

It was just after six when Josh pulled into the driveway. The sun had already started to set, but that didn't stop him from feeling like he was underwater the second he opened the car door. He adjusted the sunglasses on his face then reached over to grab his gym bag from the passenger seat.

The moment he shut the car door, Jewels jumped from her spot on Brian's porch and came rushing over, already yapping. Josh stood at the edge of the driveway, smiling as the chihuahua made its way to the property line wearing a small shirt with bulldozers on it.

Brian was on his knees next to the porch steps, a nail clamped between his teeth. He stood the moment he heard Jewels start to bark.

"She was hoping you were Katie," he said, wiping his hands on his pants. "She hasn't been by since I got back. Jewels misses her."

"She's inside. I'm sure she's just been busy."

Josh knew it was a lie. Katie had been mortified after accidentally sending that photo to Brian. She practically begged him to put the house back up on the market. He'd hoped she'd get over it and the embarrassment would die down, but it'd been a couple of days and she was still hiding out inside the house.

"We both know that's not true." Brian reached down, picked up Jewels, and scratched her behind the ear. "I know she's beating herself up about the photo. I tried to tell her it was no big deal."

Josh nodded, shifting his bag to the other shoulder as he glanced up at his house. His fingers began to tap against his palm, but he ignored them.

"Hell of a picture, though. Girl's got a body on her. I can see why you want to keep her happy." The smile on his lips made Josh's pulse tick up. "I mean, that tight little stomach, and those—"

A knot formed in his chest, his shirt collar suddenly feeling too tight. It was the same feeling he'd had at the restaurant, when Katie almost flashed the waiter. The thrill of knowing other men wanted what he had. Only this wasn't a stranger. And Brian wasn't guessing.

"What the hell, man? That's my fiancée." Heat slid up his spine.

"What? I'm paying her a compliment." Brian held up his free hand, still grinning. "Don't get bent outta shape. Takes a special kind of guy, letting his girl put herself out there like that. Most men couldn't handle it."

Josh's throat was thick. It was suddenly hard to swallow.

"Not you though." Brian's brows pinched together, his glare seeming to pass right through Josh. "You get a rush out of it. All them boys online, pining over her."

"Well if that's all. I'm going—"

Jewels growled in Brian's arms.

"Actually, one more thing. Why don't the two of you come over for supper tonight. Say around seven?"

"I don't—"

"Ah, now don't be like that. Jewels here misses her. And besides, I'm sure we are all anxious to put this little mishap behind us."

There was something about the way Brian said it that made the hair on the back of Josh's neck stand up. He knew he should turn him down cold and head inside. After all it wasn't like Brian was particularly warm to him. And Jewels had made her feelings toward Josh quite clear. But, Brian was right. They needed to move past it. Katie had been in a funk, and he knew how much she loved that stupid dog. Plus, it was good for her content. Josh didn't pretend to understand what that meant, but he knew it made her happy.

"I'll talk to her," Josh finally said, committing himself to a couple hours of hell if it meant making Katie happy.

"Attaboy." Brian clapped him on the shoulder. "We'll see you at seven. Don't be late." He bent down, releasing Jewels from his arms, then turned and walked back toward the porch.

It was one dinner. What was the worst that could happen?

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Katie was stretched out on the couch when she heard Josh's car pull into the driveway. She'd been in the same spot since lunch, her phone in her hand, one throw pillow under her head and another against her stomach. The TV was on, but she couldn't remember what she'd been watching.

She sat up and pulled her hair into a quick knot. On the coffee table, her phone lit up with another notification. She'd turned the sound off hours ago.

The email from Sunglass Hut sat at the top of her inbox, three days old now. *Congratulations on hitting 50K!* They'd found her through the fountain post and wanted her in their ambassador program. That meant free product, a small monthly stipend, a discount code for her followers. This wasn't like the skincare deal she'd signed before. This was legit and had the potential to be huge. It was what she'd always dreamed about when she started posting. She'd opened it

twenty times. Typed out a thank you, deleted it before typing it out again. It wasn't that she didn't want the deal. It was that every time she thought about it she remembered exactly where she was when she got the message.

On top of that, her DMs were still a war zone. She'd gone through them once that morning, scrolling but never opening. Over three hundred since Friday. The previews were enough. She'd blocked six guys and then stopped counting. One account had sent her the same three-word message nine times. Another outlined in no uncertain terms exactly what he would have done to Katie had he been near the fountain.

She locked the phone and set it face down just as the front door opened.

"Hey." Josh came in with his gym bag over one shoulder. He dropped it by the bedroom and came over to the couch, leaning down to kiss the top of her head.

"Hey."

"How was your day?" He straightened, rolling his shoulder like something in it hurt.

"Fine. Yours?"

"Long. Some of these oil accounts are like nothing I've ever seen before. I swear if I have to look at one more spreadsheet I'm going to gouge my eyeballs out." He moved toward the kitchen, pulling a water from the fridge.

Katie gave a half-hearted grin as she watched him move into the kitchen. She tucked her feet under her and reached for her phone again, then put it back down.

"What's wrong?" Josh stood by the couch. "You usually love jokes that end with me harming myself."

"Sorry." She glanced at her phone. "Sunglass Hut emailed back."

"Really?" His voice rose giving away his excitement. "What'd they say?"

"They want me in the ambassador program. Free sunglasses, a code for my followers, little monthly thing on top of it."

"Babe, that's huge." He came around the couch and sat next to her, pulling her feet into his lap. "How much is the monthly?"

"Three-hundred a month plus ten percent for anyone who uses my code."

"Holy shit, Katie." He was grinning at her and she tried to match it, but she felt her face land somewhere short. "This is what you wanted. We should celebrate."

"Maybe."

Josh studied her and she did her best to look normal. "Why don't you seem like you want this?"

"I'm just tired."

He shook his head like he didn't believe her.

"Brian caught me in the driveway." Now it was his turn to look away.

Katie's stomach dropped. Her skin prickled with a nervous energy.

"When?"

"Just now. Coming in."

"What did he say?"

"He was fixing his porch. Just wanted to say hi." Josh took a slow drink of his water. "Said Jewels really misses you."

Her shoulders slumped. She missed Jewels too and not just because she was good for her photos.

"Was he weird? Be honest. Did he bring up—" Her cheeks burned.

"He said it was a mistake. He said to tell you to stop beating yourself up."

Katie put her hand over her mouth, then took it away, then put it back. "Oh my God. He doesn't get it. Neither of you do. Josh, I—"

"He wants us to come over for dinner tonight."

For a second she didn't process the words. When she did she laughed. He had to be joking. That was perhaps the most outrageous request she could think of.

"No."

"Katie—"

"No. Absolutely not. I can't sit across from him, Josh. I can't. Not after... Christ, I was naked in his house."

"I already said yes."

"You what?" She sat up straight, her hands balling into fists.

"I said yes." He set his water on the table. "Listen. He's trying to move past it. He made a point of saying it wasn't a big deal. He's not sitting over there obsessing about this. The only person making it weird right now is you."

"That's not fair."

"It's a little fair." His voice softened. "Babe. You've been on this couch for two days. You won't look out the window. When's the last time you posted any new content?"

"I'm not ready."

"You're never going to be ready if we don't do it." He reached for her hand. "One dinner. We eat, we laugh, we come home. And then it's over. You can go back over there and see Jewels, and you can stop hiding."

She looked at the TV. Some woman was crying on it with the sound off.

"You're the one who said we can't make enemies with the neighbor the second we moved in."

She opened her mouth to tell him how it was different, but paused. She was so tired.

"I do miss her," she said.

"I know you do."

"But Josh, if it's weird—"

"Then we leave. I'll make up an excuse. Say the dog bit me or something."

"She would never!" She almost smiled. Then she exhaled and it felt like she was pushing out every breath she'd held for the past two days.

"Okay. But you better be nice to Jewels."

"No promises."

She wrapped her arms around his waist. "I love you."

"I love you too." He pulled her into him, inhaling her scent. Her phone lit up on the coffee table but she didn't bother to look at it.

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There was a lump in Katie's throat as they made their way across the yard. The sun was starting to set, and crickets were chirping in the distance. It was almost peaceful, except for the sound of her racing heart. She had changed three times before Josh dragged her out of the house. She'd finally landed on a blue maxi dress that covered her legs completely, with sleeves and pockets.

Josh walked beside her carrying a bottle of wine. They'd picked it up from Target the day they moved in but never found time to open it. It was the most expensive bottle of Cabernet they had. He'd tied a piece of twine around the neck to make it fancier than it felt.

"You good?" he asked, reaching out to take her hand.

"Yep."

He gave her hand a gentle squeeze, clearly not believing her.

She let out a breath and smiled as he knocked.

The door opened and Jewels came out of it like a missile. She shot past Brian's legs and made it to Katie before the screen door could close, paws scrabbling against the dress Katie had spent forty minutes choosing. Katie laughed and dropped to her knees right there on the porch.

"Oh my God, hi baby. Hi." Jewels went for her chin, her cheek, the corner of her mouth. "I missed you so much." She caught the dog under her front legs and held her up. "What are you wearing? Oh my God. Josh, look at her."

Jewels was in a pink gingham dress with ruffled sleeves. There was a tiny bow on her collar.

"She's got an outfit for every occasion," Brian said from the doorway. He was in jeans and a button-down, sleeves rolled to the elbow. "Figured she should dress for company."

"She looks like a doll." Katie stood with Jewels in her arms. The dog was already tucked against her chest, resting comfortably.

"Thanks again for the invite." Josh held up the wine. "Brought this for you."

"Appreciate it." Brian took the bottle and glanced at the label. He set it on the end table in the hallway so haphazardly it nearly fell off. "Come on in. Food's about ready."

Katie looked back at Josh raising her eyebrows as if to say "what the hell." Josh shrugged and followed behind them.

As they rounded the island and moved to the backyard, Katie gasped. It had completely transformed since the last time she was there. Fairy lights were wrapped around the pillars of the pergola and through the slats. The light was on in the pool, casting a soft blue glow across the yard as the sun disappeared across the horizon. Whatever Brian was cooking on the grill smelled amazing, and Katie's mouth instantly began to water.

"Wow." Katie stopped at the edge of the patio. "Brian, this is beautiful."

"I had some time on my hands today." He pulled a bottle off the counter by the grill and held it up. Already uncorked. "I opened something a little while ago, let it breathe. Hope you don't

mind."

"Oh." Josh flushed. Whatever Brian was pouring looked way more expensive than what he'd brought. "Thanks."

Katie took her glass and drank before she sat down. The wine was good in a way her wine was usually not. She took another sip, longer than the first as she felt it wash away a little of the anxiety. Jewels whined in her lap, and Katie set the glass down to rub Jewels' chin.

Brian brought out steaks next, along with potatoes and some type of green bean with almonds on top.

"Brian, this is incredible," Katie said, feeling the buzz of her second glass of wine start to settle in. She wasn't tipsy, but it helped take the edge off about being around Brian. She appreciated that he hadn't brought up the picture tonight, not even to say not to worry about it.

"I made more than enough, so please, don't be shy." He sat at the head of the table with Katie and Josh on either side of him.

"So, Santa Fe, what took you out there?" Josh asked, cutting into his steak.

"An old friend." Brian focused on his plate, not even glancing Josh's way.

Josh fidgeted in his chair. "How was the drive?"

"Long."

Josh nodded and chewed. Katie flashed him a strained smile, and took a sip of her wine as Brian reached for the second bottle.

"Congrats on hitting 50K." Brian held her gaze. "I was scrolling yesterday and noticed the milestone. You must be proud."

The wine warmed her chest. She could feel the heat climbing up her neck and she bent her face toward Jewels to hide it.

"It looked like Jewels garnered a bit of a following." He took a bite of steak, his gaze never leaving her. "You two look really good together."

Katie shook her head, rubbing Jewels' back. "Because she's cute. The camera loves her."

"Don't give her all the credit." He smiled warmly. "The shot you have of her eating cereal off the floor and jumping into your lap is perfect. You left air in the space instead of trying to fill it with her. That's a small detail that does a lot of work for the shot."

"Thank you." She sat up a little straighter. "It just felt natural."

Brian nodded. "Good instincts."

"I keep telling her that she has an eye for this." Josh tried to interject.

"Professional tip." Brian completely ignored Josh. "If you'd pulled your phone back another six inches and squared up with the counter, you'd have had room for a product on the surface behind her. That's what brands pay for. They don't want her face. They want her face with space around it for their logo."

Katie dabbed her mouth with the napkin. "I never thought about it like that."

"Most people don't. They're shooting for views. You want to be shooting for real estate."

Katie leaned forward. She wished she had something to take notes. She wasn't used to having this level of insight when talking about her social media.

Josh glanced up from his plate. His eyes went to Brian, then to Katie, then back to his steak. He cut another piece.

"I um... I actually got an ambassador request." She took a large sip of her wine, embarrassed for even bringing it up. "Just a small deal and a discount code for my followers."

"I tried to tell her that—"

"That's great. Why haven't you announced it yet on your page?"

Katie's gaze cut to Josh. They had a whole conversation with their eyes as she took another drink.

"I'm just in my head about the response, I guess," she lied. "I don't want to sound too eager."

"You're overthinking it." He looked around the room at the pictures on the wall. "The first deal is boilerplate. Just accept it and move on." He sat up a little taller. "But remember what I told you about real estate." He topped off her wine glass without asking. "Start putting their sunglasses in the negative space. Let them see you know what you're doing. Then when you renegotiate in six months, they'll already know they're dealing with a pro."

"That's... I hadn't even thought of that."

"Anyway." Brian pushed his plate back. "I could show you some of those techniques now, actually. There's a lot you can do with a good phone if you know how to use it." He glanced at the table. "But I've got this mess to deal with first."

"I got it." Josh was on his feet with his plate in his hand. "Seriously. You guys do your thing."

Katie turned. "Josh, you don't have to—"

"Well, if you insist." Brian was already standing, chair scraping against the stone. He helped Katie with her chair. "Come out into the yard with me."

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Josh ran the sponge over his plate, watching the suds slide down the glass. Brian's kitchen was quiet except for the faucet and the muffled sound of Katie's voice from the yard. Even Jewels had rushed outside to join them, leaving him alone with his thoughts, the way he'd been most of dinner.

He'd volunteered for this. He reminded himself of that as he placed his plate in the strainer and grabbed another. Katie needed this. She'd been miserable for days and now she was out there laughing, talking about making content and acting like herself again. That was the whole point of tonight. He reminded himself of that again as Brian's laugh came through the walls and Josh squeezed every drop of water from the sponge.

Through the sliding glass door he could see them in the yard. Brian had his phone out and Katie was leaning over it, her hair falling forward, one hand holding her wine glass by the rim. Brian pointed at something on the screen and she nodded.

"...I can tell." The clipped voice of Brian floated through the air, causing Katie to laugh and slap his arm playfully.

The knot was back in his chest, and he couldn't explain it. He set the plate into the strainer and tiptoed closer to the door for a better look.

He watched Katie crouch near one of the patio chairs, angling her phone toward Jewels. Brian stepped behind her. His hand went to the small of her back as he helped her adjust her angle. He could see Katie's muscle tighten, briefly, before she relaxed and continued messing with her phone. Brian leaned closer, their heads nearly touching as they stared at the small screen together.

The room suddenly got hot and began to spin. Josh gripped the counter, his gaze focused on the hand on Katie's back that hadn't moved even after she was finished taking the shot. Brian was taking liberties, wasn't he? Did he really need to touch her like that? Why wasn't Katie doing anything about it? Was she enjoying being touched by someone who was pushing sixty?

Katie suddenly kneeled, clearly looking for a better shot of Jewels. As she did, Brian's fingers rolled over her back to her shoulders. From this angle, from where Josh was standing, it almost looked like she was preparing to suck his dick.

"Where the fuck did that come from?" he said to himself, shaking his head at his own crassness. His mouth had gone dry and he realized with horror, he wasn't upset. It was much worse than that. He was aroused.

What the fuck was wrong with him? He turned back toward the sink, chastising himself for trying to eavesdrop. He told himself it was the wine. The way Brian had looked at her that first day. He was just thinking about how good Katie looked in her dress, and what would happen between the two of them when they got back home.

Josh dried his hands on the dish towel as he took a couple of deep breaths to slow down his racing pulse. Once he felt like he had his emotions under control he walked back over to the door smiling.

"Dishes are done."

Katie spun around. She took a step forward, putting space between herself and Brian. Josh tried to read her expression. He couldn't tell if she was worried he'd seen Brian's hand on her. Then she spoke.

"Josh, look at this. I can't believe how good it turned out." She crossed the patio and held the phone up. Jewels was on the chair, string lights catching the rhinestones on her collar, the background soft and blurred. It was better than anything on her page. Hell, it was better than some professional pictures he'd seen.

"You took that?" He didn't mean to sound surprised, but Katie didn't seem to notice. "Wow."

"Right?" She looked back at Brian. "He showed me this thing with the angle and the—"

"She's a fast learner." Brian was beaming, but there was something about the way he looked at Josh that Josh couldn't put his finger on.

They said their goodbyes at the front door. Brian shook Josh's hand. His grip was firm and brief and his eyes moved past Josh to Katie before their hands had separated.

"You've got real potential." He leaned against the doorframe. "A few more sessions and your content won't even look like the same page."

"Thank you. Seriously, tonight was really—"

"Anytime you want to practice, you know where I am."

Jewels darted forward and licked Katie's ankle. Katie crouched to scratch behind her ears one last time. Brian watched from the doorframe. Josh stood on the porch with his hands in his pockets.

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The walk back across the lawn felt different than the walk over. Katie was barefoot, holding her sandals by the straps, the grass cool against the soles of her feet. Josh trailed a step behind her.

The crickets were louder than they'd been an hour ago.

She turned at the front door and waited for him to catch up.

"Hey." She caught his wrist as he reached for the knob. "Thank you."

"For what?"

"For making me go." She pressed up onto her toes and kissed him. Quick. Just enough to feel him stop. "I needed that more than I realized."

He smiled, but she could tell it was forced.

Inside, she dropped the sandals by the door and pulled him toward the couch. She'd had three glasses at Brian's and she could feel them in her cheeks. The warmth was enough to make her body buzz with energy in a way that she was sure Josh would appreciate. She tucked her feet under her and curled into Josh's side.

"What's wrong?" She laid her head on his shoulder.

"Nothing."

"Liar." She poked his ribs. "Tell me."

He looked at his hands. "He just... He barely said two words to me all night."

"What?"

"Brian. The entire dinner I felt like a third wheel."

She was so caught up in her conversation with their neighbor that she didn't even notice. She hated herself for that. He didn't sound angry, just sad in a way that broke her heart.

"I'm sorry, baby." She pulled his arm around her. "That's probably my fault. We were just talking shop the whole time. He gets in his own head about photography stuff and I was eating it up. I wasn't paying attention."

"It's not your fault."

"Still." She kissed the corner of his jaw. "You were a saint the whole night. I can't believe you did the dishes." Her lips brushed his.

"Somebody had to."

She grabbed her phone off the coffee table. "Okay. Look at this though. Look what we made tonight." She pulled up the Jewels shot, the one with the string lights and the soft blue from the

pool catching the rhinestones on the collar. "Josh. Look at the depth on this. Compare it to the one I posted last week."

She swiped. The two photos sat side by side in her camera roll. The new one looked like it belonged on a different account.

"That's amazing, babe."

"It's crazy right? Like it's basically the same photo. It's just the angle and the white balance. He showed me how to lock the focus before I take the shot so the background goes soft. I had no idea you could even do that on a phone." She was talking fast. "The Sunglass Hut thing. I... I think I'm going to do it. I was in my head before but after tonight..."

She glanced up. He was nodding but his eyes were somewhere else.

"Are you listening?"

"Yeah. No, I am. That's incredible."

She set the phone face down on the cushion. He was still upset about dinner. She should have made an effort to include him more. He'd pushed so hard for them to go and then she let him feel like an outcast.

She shifted closer and put her hand on his thigh.

"You know what." She kissed his neck, just under the ear. "You deserve a proper thank you for tonight."

"Katie—"

"Shh."

She slid off the couch and onto the rug between his knees. He looked down at her with a half smirk on his face. She held his gaze and worked the button of his pants, biting her lip as she tugged down the zipper. He lifted his hips without taking his eyes off her face.

He was already half hard. She licked her lips trying to determine what had him so excited. She wrapped her hand around the base of him and watched his stomach tense. His head fell back against the cushion.

"Mmm I've missed you," she whispered, planting a tiny kiss on the tip.

"He's missed you." Josh's hand wrapped into her hair.

She took him into her mouth. Slow at first. She loved taking him when he was soft, feeling him harden in her mouth. He sighed and his thigh muscle relaxed against her cheek and she

flattened her tongue against the underside.

Her phone buzzed on the cushion above her. She didn't bother looking at it. Instead, she let her tongue dip down and touch his balls. She heard him inhale, his cock flexing against him.

"What was that?" she teased, letting his shaft fall from her lips as she kissed along the crown.

"Wh... What."

"That." She traced her tongue along the underside of him. "I felt that."

"It was nothing."

She noticed he'd picked up her phone. Her heart fluttered in her chest as she watched his eyes scroll.

"Josh..." She sucked his sack into her mouth, her fist pumping his now hard cock. "Tell me."

"It's just... the DMs. From the fountain post." His voice was strained. "Have... have you read them?"

"No." She kissed the tip of him. "I could only imagine what they said."

She licked him slow, base to tip, and watched him. His mouth opened slightly. His eyes stayed on the phone.

"You're so fucking hard, Josh." Her tongue circled his crown. "Is that from me or..." She sucked him into her mouth and he let out a sigh.

"They're bad. Like really... fuck... really bad."

She felt him pulse against her tongue again. Whatever he was reading must have been hot, because while he'd always enjoyed her mouth he was never this excited. The thought made her shift her knees on the carpet, a pulse starting to grow between her thighs.

He cleared his throat. The phone shook a little in his hand. He started reading.

*"Just want to say I almost ran my truck off the road today scrolling. This picture is the hottest thing I've seen all month. Your entire ass is sticking out. I must have looked and zoomed in about fifty times."*

She hummed around him and felt him buck up off the couch. She held him down with her free hand on his hip and didn't let him go any deeper. She pulled off him with a pop.

"And you like that? Hearing some guy say he's looked at my ass fifty times."

He answered with a groan, his dick growing another inch as she teased him.

*"God you're perfect. I nearly came in my pants when I zoomed in and saw the white thong you were wearing."*

She paused, holding the head of his cock just past her lips. Her thighs pressed together as she thought about what he said. Could someone really see her panties? She'd looked at the pictures multiple times before posting, convinced that while her ass was out she was still mostly covered. Josh's grip tightened in her hair. She knew him enough to know that he was getting close.

She moaned around him just to feel him jerk in her mouth.

*"I bet you taste—"* He broke off. He cleared his throat again. "Sorry. They're getting—"

She slid him out long enough to look up at him through her lashes. Her hand kept moving. "Don't stop."

He swallowed then nodded.

*"I bet you taste so fucking sweet. I think about it. I think about getting between those thighs and never coming up. You'd cum on my tongue so hard you'd cry."* His voice had dropped. The grammar in his own sentences was starting to slip. "Jesus, Katie. There are like thirty more of these. From the same guy."

She took him deep. She gagged softly, but didn't relent, unsure of what had come over her. Tears welled in her eyes as she took all of him, her free hand snaking under her dress to the inferno between her legs.

His hips lifted off the couch as he thrust into her. His spear hit the back of her throat as she hollowed out her cheeks. She felt his thighs begin to tremble and knew he was close.

"Not yet," she breathed, releasing his dick as spit hung from her mouth. "I need you to fuck me."

She climbed up his body already pulling her dress up. She didn't want him to cum yet. She wanted him inside her. She kissed him hard, her hand still wrapped around him.

"Wait." His hand caught her wrist. "Wait. Stop."

She pulled back, breathing through her mouth. "What?"

He held the phone up between them. He'd opened a different message. She couldn't see the screen.

"Go put that skirt on."

"What? Why?" She raised an eyebrow. "What do you have planned?"

"Just... do it."

She studied his face. He was flushed and clearly as turned on as she was. She released her hold on his manhood and he let out a soft sigh. "Fine." She grinned. "But you better not finish without me."

In the bedroom she nearly fell forward, she pulled the maxi dress off so quickly. The skirt was draped over the chair where she'd left it after the shoot. She started to step into it and then stopped. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and slid them down her thighs and stepped out of them. She left them on the floor along with her bra.

She zipped the skirt and looked in the mirror. A current of bliss ran through her as she took herself in. She was bare from the waist up. The skirt left little to the imagination. The second she bent over Josh would get a glimpse of her pussy. It leaked with anticipation. Her hair had come halfway out of the knot. Her cheeks were pink and her mouth looked bruised. "You look like a slut," she said with a mischievous smile.

"Fuck me," Josh said as he stood in the door.

"That's the plan." She turned toward the bed. "How do you want me... Sir?"

Katie could have sworn she heard him growl. She climbed onto the mattress on her hands and knees, then stopped, waiting.

"Other way."

She turned around, facing the headboard. He came up behind her and she felt the bed dip and his hand on the small of her back.

"Mmmm." She lifted her hips, putting her head on the bed.

"Holy shit, Katie."

"Too much?" She looked over her shoulder. "Ohhhh... fuck."

His mouth was on her before she could process it. She fisted the sheets as his stubble pressed against her thighs. He didn't go gentle, or ease into it. He fucked her with his tongue like he'd been waiting all night for it, his hands holding her open, the skirt bunched up over her hips.

"You're already soaked." His voice was thick. "Christ. You're dripping."

She buried her face in the pillow. Her hips pushed back into his face, wanting his tongue deeper. She couldn't even pinpoint when she had gotten so worked up, but there was no denying it.

"He was right," Josh said against her. "This view is unreal."

The weight of the bed adjusted and so did his grip. His tongue lapped over her lips as he repositioned himself so he was lying directly underneath her.

"Are you this turned on because of them? Because of what they were saying?" His breath was cool across her clit and she whined in pleasure. "What do you think they would do right now if they could see you like this? Do you think they—"

She didn't let him finish. She pressed her hips down covering his face as she squeezed her breast.

"Mmm fuck, baby. That feels so good." She ground her hips into him. His tongue found her clit and her scream pierced the air. She tugged on her sensitive nipple.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck." Her voice came out broken as she rolled the swollen bud between her fingers. Josh's tongue worked her clit in tight circles and her thighs clamped around his head. "Oh God. Yes... Mmmppfhh I'm close."

She moaned and squeezed her tit harder. The skirt was bunched and twisted around her waist and she could feel the cool air on the small of her back where it had ridden up. She thought about the man who had typed those messages. Some stranger sitting at his kitchen table or in his car or wherever he was, typing *I bet you taste so fucking sweet*.

The thought made her clit pulse and she ground down harder.

"Josh—Josh, I'm gonna—"

He sucked her clit between his lips and she broke. Her thighs locked around his head and her hand left her breast and slapped against the headboard. "Ohhhhh Nnnggghh..." She continued riding his face as her pussy convulsed around nothing. Josh slowed his tongue, but never completely stopped sucking her clit. She gripped his hair until she was so sensitive she rolled off of him onto her elbow.

"Holy shit," she panted, bringing her arm over her eyes.

Josh was already moving on the bed. He grabbed her leg, rolling her onto her stomach. She couldn't help but laugh. He always had a healthy appetite for sex, but whatever had gotten into him tonight was a whole other level. She raised her hips as he settled behind her.

"Show me how bad you want me," she teased.

"Ahhh." The weight of his cock pressed against her entrance. She'd expected him to ease into her, but instead he buried himself to the root in a single thrust making her toes curl. "Ohhh."

He gripped her hips hard enough that she'd find the bruises in the morning and started to move. He fucked her hard and fast, unlike their usual lovemaking.

Her skirt had bunched up around her waist and he grabbed it in his fist using it as leverage to drive into her. Every thrust drew a low groan from Katie, her body rocking into him, soaking him with her juices.

"Fuck, you're so hard." Katie rolled her hips desperate for her fiancé's release. "Harder... fuck me harder."

He grunted behind her, picking up his pace and making her tits bounce with each thrust. "They all wish they could do this." His rhythm got more urgent. "All of them wish they could... fuck... you."

"Yessss. Yesss." Her pussy squeezed him as her body trembled.

She could hear herself. She couldn't stop. Every thrust pushed a small broken sound out of her, half-moan, half-gasp, and her thighs were already starting to tremble again and she'd just cum. She didn't understand how that was happening.

Josh's groans were getting louder now, and Katie knew he wasn't going to last much longer.

"Cum for me, baby. Do it. Cum where no other man will ever be able to."

"Oh fuck," he groaned, from behind her as her pussy clenched around him. She purred in response, biting her lip so hard she could taste blood as she chased her second release. His hand fisted in her hair, snapping her neck back and her second orgasm hit like a freight train.

Katie's eyes rolled back in their sockets, and all she saw were stars. She felt Josh swell inside her, turning her body into a livewire. Everything was simultaneously numb yet electric. Her arms gave out completely, her legs began to shake. She felt parts of her body on fire, rippling with pleasure that she was normally only vaguely aware of as his body crashed onto her back.

For a long time neither of them moved.

She could hear him breathing, soft moans emanating from his lips.

He eased out of her and she sighed at the loss. She lay flat on her stomach. The skirt was still bunched at her waist. He collapsed beside her and pulled her against his chest so that her cheek was on his shoulder.

He kissed her forehead. "I love you."

"I love you too."

She closed her eyes. She knew they needed to talk. Not just about the sex, but the words. The way they both responded to those DMs. But right now her body was exhausted. All she wanted to do was sleep, and judging by the soft breaths beside her, Josh had the same idea.